
'T WAS a Christmas morning,
And we, three maidens gay,
Had each a lover's token
To mark the holiday:
Maud's was a stately mansion
With towers and spires above;
May's was a diamond necklace,
And mine was—Roland's love.

Maud's suitor was a banker,
White-haired and stout and old;
And May's a proud patrician
With wealth of lands and gold.
But mine was just a toiler
Content with humble part;
He had but this to offer—
A true and loving heart.

Maud leads within her mansion,
An empty life of show,
And May's rich jewels cover
A heart that throbs with woe;
But in my heart forever
Love sings her joyous lays;
She lightens all my burdens
And brightens all my ways.

Rare gems and stately mansions
Are but the price of gold;
But love is aye God given
And never bought or sold.
It is the soul's glad sunshine;
It is the heart's sweet rest;
And, rich or poor, in loving
We are forever blest.

Then oh, be glad this morning
If such a gift is yours.
For gold-bought joys are changeful,
But honest love endures.
Though lowly may your lot be,
In royal state apart
God crowns you when He gives you
The love of one true heart.

—Adelaide D. Rey sulds, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.


FEW men live among more dreary surroundings than the loggers who go every fall into the great northern pine forests. In one of Aleck Forman's camps, in northern Minnesota, accordingly, were located in the winter of 18—, some forty of the rough giants who make up these little communities. They had settled for the season in the usual fashion and were looking forward with the lack of interest natural under the circumstances, to a lonely Christmas, when the monotony of camp life was broken.

It is seldom broken except in one way, and this was in accordance with the rule. An accident happened. In some mysterious way John Davidson, the oldest and most experienced man in the "gang," managed to slip and fall partly under a falling trunk and was picked up senseless. The foreman, Charlie Andrews, was somewhat skilled in treating ordinary bruises and fractures, and he examined Davidson carefully, expecting to find several of his bones broken, but none of them were, and the men thought their comrade would soon recover.

One evening when Andrews had finished as careful an examination of the unfortunate man as he knew how to make, and had been able to get some few replies to his questions, he said to the others: "I'm afraid it's no use. I dunno what I kin do fur him. He's hurt inside somewheres en' he seems to be failin' rapid. I reckon he's goin' ter cash in."

There was silence in the little group for a few moments, and then Joe Pelton spoke up. Joe was one of the youngest men in camp, being only twenty-one, but he was almost a giant. Everybody in camp knew that Joe was very much in love with Davidson's pretty daughter, May, and also that he had a very slender chance of winning her, for he was a rather reckless youngster and the elder man was suspicious of him.

"Don't you reckon he'd ought to be taken to Minneapolis?" said Joe.

"Yes," said Andrews, "but I don't believe he can get there in time. There's three foot o' snow on the trail now, and there ain't a team in camp that wouldn't break down on the road."

"Well," said Joe, very slowly, "if you fellers 'll make me a light sled to-night, I'll pull him down. It's only a little over fifty miles, an' I reckon I kin make it in two days."

"I dunno," said Andrews, doubtfully. "I reckon it's likely you c'd git through if anybody could, but yer mighty likely ter break down, an' if yer do it's all day with yer."

"I know it," replied Joe, coolly, "but I'll risk it. If I git him home he may have a chance, an' if I don't he won't be no worse off 'n he is now."

"Yes, but you will," said one of the other men.

"I'll take my chances," said Joe again, and they all saw he was in earnest.

One of the men, John Williams, offered to go, too, but Joe declined.

"If I kin git through at all," he said, "I kin do it alone, an' there's no use o' more than one takin' the risk. I'll turn in now an' git a good sleep an' take an early start."

Joe started at daybreak and John Williams insisted on going a part of the way with him to lighten the work in some degree. As they started every man in the camp gripped the hand of the stalwart youngster in what each one thought was a last farewell.

About noon Williams returned to camp alone and almost broken down with fatigue. "I dragged the sleigh nigh five miles," he said, "an' I knew I couldn't git back at all if I didn't turn then. So I turned. I tried to git Joe ter come back, too, f'r I don't believe he'll ever git through alive, though he was fresh enough when I left him. But Joe's good grit. He on'y clinched his teeth 'n' said he was goin' ter make the best stagger he could towards gittin' thar. Ef anybody kin, he kin, but I reckon we've seen the last o' both of 'em."

**Joe's Story.**

"A'ter Williams left me, I begun to feel, right away, one thing I'd dreaded mighty bad, 'n' that was the awful loneliness o' th' woods. The wind was a sighin' through the big trees like it always does when they is any wind at all, an' it sounded so kind o' nournful that it put all sorts o' foolish notions into my head. 'Peared like the very trees was sorry for me, an' that begin to make me feel sorry for myself, an' sometimes I'd almost break down an' cry.

"I was always kind o' handy about reckonin' distances in the woods, an' I found I was makin' just about two mile an hour. I could ha' pushed on some faster, but I knowed if I did I'd o'ny tire myself more, an' I didn't dast to do that. I had plenty o' time to figger on the journey, an' the highest I could get to it was that if I could hold out I might git somewhere near town the second night. I knowed I couldn't git out o' the woods in one day's goin', an' they was no use tryin' to travel at night among the trees. So, the days bein' short, I reckoned on about twenty mile the first day; then sleep till daybreak, an then the best I could do towards the other thirty miles. I knowed I'd be in the open when the second night came on, an' if I had luck I might strike a trail, an' mebbe git help somewhar. It was close figgerin', though, an' I made up my mind the one sleep 'ud be all I'd git, an' the second day I'd have to go till I dropped, if it took me way inter the night. I could steer by the stars I knew, if I once got away from the trees.

"Long towards night I'm darned if the old man didn't git plumb crazy. He hollered an' yelled an' struggled so to get off'n the sled 't I was afraid he'd break the fast'nin's, but Andrews had tied him pretty close, an he didn't have sense enough to try to untie the knots. I had to tie his arms, though, an' I tell ye 'twas somethin' awful. Thar I was, miles an' miles away f'm anybody but a crazy man, riskin' my life to save his, an' skeered to death for fear I'd be as crazy as he was in a few minutes, a tyin' him up to keep him f'm gettin' away. I got him fast, though, an' gave him a dose o' laudanum that Andrews had give me for him, an' after a little he ca'med down an' went to sleep.

"I went along till 'twas too dark to see the way any further, an' I knowed I'd got to camp out. They was a good many wolves 'round, too, 'n' I heerd 'em gittin closter and closter. I warn't afeerd of 'em 's long's I was awake, fur I knowed how pesky cowardly the critters are, till they ketch a feller down, but I was skeerd for fear they'd jump on us a'ter we'd gone to sleep. So I built up a rousin' good fire. That took time, but I made it o' brush an' chopped up a young tree 't I found, for logs, an in about two hours I was ready to turn in. Then I stripped an' rubbed myself 'as well 's I could with whisky and dressed an' wrapped up well, 'n lay down.

"Well, I slept tolable sound till nigh daybreak, though I had to git up a couple o' times 'n' feed the fire. Them blame wolves was too close to be comf'table. I c'd see 'em in the dark, smel'in' and yelpin' 'round, but they was more afeerd o' the fire 'n' I was o' them.

"Soon as 'twas light I got up 'n' het some coffee an' took a bite, 'n' started.

'TWAS POWERFUL HARD WORK.

I was goin' by the compass, o' course, but I couldn't go in the dark, for not seein' the way.

Ye may think I talk too much 'bout the way I felt, an' mebbe another man wouldn't ha' been skeerd like I was, but I was almost frightened to death for those two days. I knowed, though, 't the on'y thing to do was to push ahead, 'n' I did. The ole man had woke up, an' it seemed to me like he was a little more sensible 'n' he was the day before, but he lay quiet, 'n' I didn't dare to say nothin' to him fer fear 't he'd start in yellin' again. He didn't though, 'n' then I got skeerd again fur fear he was dead.

The fust thing 't give me any courage whatsomever, was about dark when I struck a trail 't I knew must lead to Minneapolis. I reckoned I had nigh twelve miles more to go, but the goin' was a heap easier, na' I had some hope o' meetin' somebody or comin' to a house where I could git a horse.

"As it turned out I was plumb wrong all round. I was on the right trail, to be sure, but I was more'n sixteen mile away f'm town. I reckon I'd traveled over forty mile, but I'd lost morn'n I thought then, by not goin' dead straight. Then, 'stead o' havin' less to fear, I'd a heap more. I traveled along pretty well for an hour or two a'ter dark, 'n' then I got so dog tired I took a big snifter o' whisky. I hadn't took any afore, fur I was afeerd o' the stuff, never bein' used to it, an' knowin' t'would help me awhile an' then leave me worse off. But I reckoned I was so near gone, an' so close to where I'd git help, 'twas time to take it. Thar I was wrong again. The dumed liquor spurred me up for mebbe an hour, an' then I kind o' lost track o' the time an' didn't seem to know much about anything, an' bimeby I keched myself thinkin' it didn't make much differenee anyhow. I'd got ter die some time, an' I might as well lie down and be quick about it, an' as fur the ole man, thar wasn't much show fur him anyhow.

"I dunno how it was 't I ketched myself up again; but I knowed enough to know 'twas cold an' me bein' so tired that done it, 'n' I says to myself: 'Joe, you've got to git thar fust, 'n' then's time enough to die. I studied on it fur a minute or two, and come to the conclusion 't I'd got to hurt myself somehow, so's the pain would keep me

A FELLER CAME DRIVING ALONG.

awake, 'n' I caught my little finger nail in my teeth 'n' bit it off. Well, I had plenty o' pain then, and I jumped ahead like a tired ox when you gad him deep.

"That lasted me for mebbe half an hour, but I couldn't tell nothin' about the time. I'd lost track o' that entirely. Then the cold began to numb me again. 'Twas a frightful cold night, an' I dunno how 'twas the ole man kep' f'm freezing to death.

"Finally, I staggered 'n' fell, 'n' just as I did, 'n' thought to myself 't I wouldn't bother to git up fur 'twan't wuth while, the ole man spoke up. I don't think he'd said anything afore, all day long. 'Joe,' he says, speakin' sharp an' loud, but not hollerin', 'Joe, hear the Christmas chimes!'

"First I thought he was ravin' again, but it started me up an' I listened, an' sure enough the church bells was a-ringin'. Boys, I never knowed afore what church bells mean. Talk about 'good tidings of great joy,' thar never was tidings of joy came to me like them bell brought. It was Christmas eve, an' I hadn't never thought of it all day. Thar I was, within hearin' o' the bells, an' givin' out, an' I made up my mind I'd make another stagger, 'n' I struggled up again.

"Twan't no use, though. I'd got plumb to the end o' the run. I plowed along a bit, but as I knowed a'terwards I must ha' gone clean off my head, fur I left the trail an' wandered off somewhere, the Lord on'y knows where, but He must ha' been lookin' out fur us, fur I kinder wandered 'round, like, till I come back ter the trail agin, an' as luck would have it I come back ter the top of a bluff, an' stumblin' ahead, knowin' nothin', I went plumb over, draggin' the sled along with me.

"Wall, we tumbled square inter the roadway. Ef it hadn't been for the snow we'd both ha' been killed, likely, fur we fell nigh fifty feet. As 'twas I couldn't git up, fur I was dead beat, an' the ole man couldn't 'cause I hadn't untied him. I was skeerd to do it. But he wasn't hurt an' he lay on one side, expectin' to lay there an' die, when he heerd sleigh-bells. Blamed if a feller didn't come drivin' along with a fust-rate horse. Seems he lived out on the perara an' was goin' home f'm town, but he was a good-hearted feller, an' when he found out what the situation was he turned right away an' took us into town flyin'. The ole man had sense enough left to tell him about it an' to tell who we was.

"The feller drove right to the ole man's house, 'n' we found they was havin' a little Christmas party there, an' nat'ral enough they was talkin' about the ole man when we come to the door. I was that tired I never woke up till the next afternoon, an' there I was in bed in the ole man's house, with the doctor lookin' at me.

"He laughed when I looked 'roun an' asked where I was, an' he says: 'I thought you'd be all right, soon as you'd had your sleep out.' An' I says: 'Yes, I'm all right; but how's the ole man?' Then he looked mighty grave, an' he says: 'I can't tell yet. He's been hurt mighty bad, but I reckon maybe with good nussin' he'll come 'round mebbe. He would ha' died, though, if he hadn't been brought home.' Then he shook hands with me an' said all sorts o' foolish things 'bout me bein' a hero, 'stead o' what I am, a big man with tolable strong legs an' arms. But Lord bless you! what he said was nothin' to the way the women took on, when I dressed an' went downstairs. They hugged me, an' kissed me till I was fairly 'shamed o' myself, an' the ole woman says: 'Joe Pelton, you brought me my husband for a Christmas gift, and I'll give you a wife fur yourn.' Then I knowed it were all settled, 'cause I knowed the ole man wouldn't never go back on what she said. An' he didn't, neither, when he got stronger, as he did a'ter a bit. He won't never be strong like he was, but he's tolable well now, an' likely to live a good many years.

"Well, them women made me talk all the afternoon 'bout the walk down f'm camp, an' when they wanted to know how I'd hurt my finger, an' I told 'em, I'm blamed if they didn't cry till I felt like a fool."—Texas Siftings.


CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sign to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

—Francis R. Havergal, in Christian at Work.

## HIS CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

**The Mishaps Accompanying Mr. Travers' Holiday Dinner.**

"I THOUGHT you were going home the first of September?" Martha Stokes said, with a look half shy, half saucy, that well became her sweet, Quaker face.

"I stayed for the foliage," Mr. Travers replied, setting his color-box down on the step. "I never saw anything like these swamp maples of yours."

"I don't think much of the foliage in November," Martha said, plunging her white fingers among the cranberries she was picking.

"That doesn't sound very hospitable," said Travers, looking rather anxiously at the serene face opposite him. "Are you in a hurry to have me go?"

"Not particularly."

"You don't care one way or the other?"

"That depends on whether you prove yourself a help or a hindrance. I didn't mind you all summer, because you were always out of doors sketching; but if you are to stay here all winter bothering about the house, I may wish you were in Guinea."

"I hope not," said Travers, humbly "I'll try to be of great help to you, if you will only tell me how. Let me help you now."

"I'm almost through," said Martha, perversely.

"Well give me something else to do. What are you going to have for dinner?"

"Roast turkey."

"What do you have to do with it?" he asked, innocently.

"I am accustomed to kill it," she said, with a demure look. "You might do that for me. Do you see than big gobbler over in the poultry-yard—that one with the tail-feathers out. Well, if you don't mind, I'd like his head chopped off. I hate to do it myself. The sight of blood always makes me sick, and—one grows attached to the poor things. I often wish there was a turkey guillotine."

"Why, I never killed a chicken or

IT WAS A WILD CHASE—QUITE ABSURD.

turkey in my life!" exclaimed Travers with dismay.

"You are not afraid?" queried Martha, leveling her calm gray eyes at him in surprise.

"Of course not," said Travers, nervously. "I am perfectly willing to do it, only I don't know how."

"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world!" said Martha, briskly. "There's the wood block and there's the ax. Catch the turkey by the legs and lay its head on the block; then all you've got to do is to chop."

Travers had his misgivings, but he would not have uttered them for worlds.

He opened the gate of the poultry-yard, whither Martha's eyes followed him with a twinkle of amusement. He was born an artist, fastidious to a fault, and she knew he would almost as soon pick up a rattlesnake as handle one of the unwashed denizens of the poultry-yard. It was fun for her to watch him. Every time he got near the turkey, it took itself off to a less dangerous locality; and when, after chasing it around and around the enclosure, he finally got the creature by the legs, it flapped its wings in his face, and he let it go. By this time Martha was screaming with laughter.

"Let me catch it for you," she said.

"No, said Travers, determinedly, "I'm in for it now."

It was a wild chase—quite absurd, indeed, because it was so unnecessary; and when Travers finally captured his prey, Martha had completely lost her composure.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked, as he gave the gobbler a shake.

"I don't know any torture too great for him," said Travers, breathlessly. "After all the trouble he has caused me, I think I should like to roast him alive!"

"And serve him with a garnish of burned feathers. Do you think you would really enjoy your revenge?"

"Oh, I shall do exactly as you told me," said Travers, taking up the ax. "I shall not allow myself the least indulgence of my inclinations."

It was some time before he got the turkey's head on the block properly.

"Do hurry up!" cried Martha, shutting her eyes. "You make me nervous."

Almost at the same moment there was a dull thud, as Travers brought the ax down vigorously; but at the critical moment the turkey gave a frantic flop, Travers let go, as usual, and the lucky fowl escaped from under the ax, to fly screaming over the fence.

Martha opened her eyes, and saw a growing pool of blood, but no turkey. Travers was down on one knee, holding his foot.

"Oh," she cried, flying to him, "you have cut your foot! I am so sorry! Is it badly hurt?"

"Yes—I'm afraid—it's pretty nearly cut off," said Travers.

He was growing very white, for the blood poured over everything, and in a moment more he fell over quite unconscious.

Martha was badly frightened, but she knew what to do, and did it. Quick as a flash, she made of her apron a ligature for the wounded leg, while her shrill cry for help brought her father and the hired man quickly to the scene.

Travers had indeed almost severed his foot in twain, but the surgeon who was summoned promised to save the member, if the patient would follow his direction.

"Of course he will do that!" said Martha, briskly. "I'll see to it. I have him in my power now. He will have to do as I say. There will be no sketching now till after Christmas.

"He ought to mind you," said the doctor. "You saved his life." He would have bled to death in a very few minutes."

"I am afraid I can't claim obedience on that score," said Martha, regretfully. "If it hadn't been for me, it wouldn't have happened in the first place."

Travers smiled languidly, and whispered: "I think I am a very lucky fellow, if you are going to take care of me!"

"And so do I," said the doctor, promptly: "I always said, Martha, that there was no one in Abington who could nurse like you, and I think I should rather enjoy a month's living on your cookery."

Long before they would let Travers put his foot down, he had lost his pallor and was looking better than he had done before. But it was not till Christmas day that he stood once more firmly on his feet and sat down to dinner a well man.

Mr. Stokes was away tending a sick friend, so that Travers had to take the head of the table.

"You will have to carve," said Martha, as the Christmas turkey came in, brown and beautiful under the crown of holly.

"Oh, mercy, cruel maid!" cried Travers in dismay.

"It isn't as bad as chopping off heads," said Martha, encouragingly. "You can't kill yourself."

"But I don't know how!" pleaded poor Travers.

"Neither do I. And mother can't, you know, with rheumatism in her hands. Never mind! Chop it up, somehow. It will taste just as well."

Travers saw he was in for it, and rose to the occasion, but not without fear. The turkey was a splendid big one, but he had not the least idea how to get at it. It was easy enough shaving slices off the breast, but the joints worked him up into a fever. He did not know where to find them.

"The anatomy of this fowl strikes me as being somewhat remarkable," he said, looking savagely at a refractory drumstick which seemed to be furnished with a steel hinge.

"Thee will find the joint further down, Friend Travers," said Mrs. Stokes, gently. "Don't hurry; take thy time to it."

"Oh, yes!" said Travers, hopefully. "Here it is."

At the same time he made a wild lunge at the fowl with his knife; the turkey slipped on the greasy plate, and, with remarkable vitality, jumped completely off the table on to the floor.

Travers dropped his knife and fork, and sank into a chair, full of mortification and rage.

"I think I'd better let turkeys alone," he said, grimly. "I'm sorry, Miss Martha, but I didn't mean to do it."

"Never mind," she said, picking up the degraded fowl and hurrying it back to the kitchen. "You have cut off enough for us on the plate. Mother and I both prefer white meat. Shall I help you to cranberries, Mr. Travers?"

Poor Travers had a sense of keen discomfiture. What a fool Martha must think him! a man fit for nothing but painting poor daubs that wouldn't sell at half-price.

He chafed against his own shortcomings, and when Martha came into the sitting-room after dinner, she found him standing by the open fire, looking thoroughly uncomfortable.

"I am afraid you are having a very dull Christmas," she said, coming up beside him. "I am sorry we haven't a house full of young people to make it merry."

"I am not," said Travers, bluntly. "I am quite satisfied as it is. I don't want anybody but you. I have been waiting all day to speak to you; but you were so occupied with that abominable turkey—"

"Somebody had to see to the dinner," she said, quietly, "and mother wasn't able."

"I want to give you something," he went on, awkwardly; "a little Christmas gift. Will you take it and wear it, Martha? I should like to remind you that I shall never forget your kindness."

He spoke very clumsily, but he drew from his pocket a beautiful diamond ring, which he held out to her.

"O Mr. Travers!" she cried, as she held the beautiful jewel for a moment in her hand. "You are very generous. It is exquisite. Indeed, I never saw

THE TURKEY JUMPED OFF THE TABLE.

one so fine; but I cannot take it from you—I cannot, indeed. My mother would not like me to. It is too costly a gift by far."

"But I want you to take it, Martha. Won't you take it to please me?"

"I cannot!" she said, handing it back to him. "But don't misunderstand me. You must see for yourself why it is improper for me to receive such a gift."

"Perhaps so," he returned, fingering the ring nervously. "But there is a very easy way out of that difficulty, Martha, if—if you will only give me the right to give it to you."

"You are not very explicit, Mr. Travers," she said, looking down.

"Martha," he said, seizing her hands, "you are a flirt, like the rest of your sex! You know I love you. I have loved you from the first, and if you will marry a man who can neither kill nor carve a turkey I will do my best to learn."

She looked up at him, smiling.

"Roast turkey is not the only meat in the world, Owen," she said, shyly. "I can very well do without it."

But she was not obliged to do that, for Travers has conquered his inefficiency, and he kills all the poultry in the most approved manner. And as for carving, his wife Martha thinks him—and justly, too—the daintiest carver for miles around.—Woman's Magazine.

## A LETTER TO SANTA KLAUS.

[from the little sick girl in rag all forth flor to SanTA Klaus. mi teecher helped me wif this.]

I'm goin' to write to Santa
An' this is what I'll say:
We-tan't-hev enny-Kismas,
'Cause mamma's gone away.
We's two poor 'ittle children,
Thit sisser Kit an' me,
An' Kit lives in an attic
An' I—I lives with she.

"We heven't any stockin's
Thet ain't all old and tored,
But you can hang some prethents
Up on tha chimney board,
An' ef you hang a dolly
For eulldren wat are good,
Thist write that it's for sisser
Upon the chimly wood.

"Now, Santa, dear, thist lissen,
Don' give me doll or sled,
I 'ant my darlin' mamma
To hold my achin' head.
Tho take me up, dear Santa,
An' hid me in your pack,
An' where it's allus Kismas
I'll get my mamma back."

—Mrs. M. L. Payne, in Detroit Free Press.

**The Only Way to Account for It.**

The Christmas doll had come through the mails from a city several hundred miles away, and when it was taken out of its box it was found to be in a somewhat chaotic condition. One arm was gone, the bonnet was twisted around to one side, the curls were flattened out of shape, the head was bent down, a portion of the nose was broken off, the eyes were looking in different directions, and it stood pigeon-toed on its feet. Little Flossie eyed it for some moments in solemn silence and then began rummaging the box as if searching for something else.

"What are you looking for, Flossie?" asked her mother.

"I am looking," she answered with a kind of it-grieves-me-to-see-you-in-this-condition-my-child expression on her face, "to see if she hasn't got a little bottle of whisky somewhere in her baggage."—Chicago Tribune.

**—Maid and Mistletoe.—**

She is crossing the parlor, the maiden fair,
Crossing the room with unconscious air.
She halts, but, of course, she does not know
She has halted under the mistletoe.
Not till she's kissed is the maid aware
That she halted under the mistletoe there.
How many strange things in the world we see;
How absent-minded a maid can be!

—Boston Courier.

—Angel Child—"Uncle Jonas, do you b'lieve in signs?" Rich Uncle—"Sometimes, my boy. Why do you ask?" Angel Child—"'Cause mammer said big ears was a sign o' generosity, but you didn't gimme nothin for Christmas."—America.

—Kind Uncle Jack—"What kind of a doll do you want for a Christmas present, Lucy?" Lucy (eagerly)—"Twins, please, Uncle Jack!"—Kate Field's Washington.